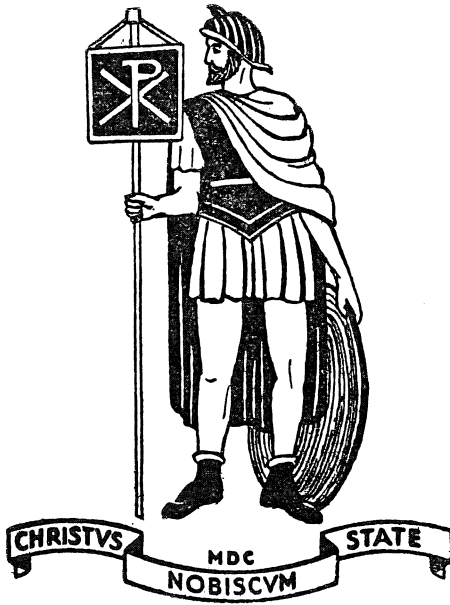


The

Alcester Grammar



School Record

April, 1957

Alcester Grammar School Record

No. 116

APRIL, 1957

EDITOR : MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE :

Finnemore, Pinfield, Sale, Jill Burford, Gillian Clews.

SCHOOL REGISTER

Valete

Tagger, A. (Vb), 1953-56.

Collier, J. (IVb), 1954-56.

Symonds, L. A. (IIa), 1955-56.

Salvete

Admitted last Term.

Ash, D. (IVa).

Dobson, V. (IVa).

Dobson, B. J. (Ib).

OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD

PRESIDENT : J. Stewart.

TREASURER : Mrs. D. Taylor.

SECRETARY : C. Strain.

Winter Reunion

The Winter Reunion was held at School in the evening of Saturday, December 22nd. After the business meeting, the social gathering was attended by about a hundred and twenty Old Scholars and Staff. P. Drew undertook the duties of M.C.

At the business meeting, the annual election of officers took place, the appointments being as follows :—

President, J. Stewart. *Treasurer*, Mrs. D. Taylor. *Secretary*, C. Strain.

Assistant Secretary, Jennifer Burden.

Committee : G. P. Baylis, J. Mahoney, V. Stone, G. H. Canning, Mrs. N. Williams (for Alcester), Mrs. M. Feast, H. Feast, W. McCarthy (for Studley), Gillian Winspear, Cynthia Bartlett (for Stratford), B. Slaughter, Cicely Hartwell (for Bidford), T. Savage (for Astwood Bank).

Dances

A dance was held on St. David's Day in the Crawford Memorial Hall, Bidford-on-Avon. Over a hundred were present, and the dance was a financial success.

Another dance will be held in the Town Hall, Alcester, on Easter Tuesday, April 23rd. Music will be provided by Reg Roberts's Orchestra. Tickets are 6s. each (single), and dress is optional.

The committee wish to draw the attention of Old Scholars to the matter of notification of Reunions. Everyone becoming an Old Scholar

is sent an invitation to the first Reunion after he (or she) leaves school. Thereafter, Old Scholars who wish to be notified of the dates of Reunions are asked to pay a nominal subscription of half-a-crown to cover notices for the next five years. The secretary would point out that certain Old Scholars who have paid their half-crowns could not be notified as they have changed their address and have not informed the committee of their new address. It will be most helpful if those who have changed their address will give their new address to one of the committee members.

BIRTHS

- On June 30th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Walker (née Cynthia Sainsbury)—a son.
 On December 28th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Rattue (née Gwendoline Knight)—a son.
 On January 16th, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Payne (née Meryl Tolman)—a daughter.
 On January 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Dipple—a son.
 On January 24th, to Mr. and Mrs. B. Crow (née Gwen Smith)—a son.
 On February 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Clack (née Jeanette Langston)—a daughter.

MARRIAGES

- On November 24th, at Stratford-on-Avon, Hans Schad to Vera Margaret Sachs (scholar 1946-49).
 On December 15th at Stratford-on-Avon, Peter Roy Churchley (scholar 1945-49) to Joan Mary Haywood.
 On December 22nd, at Stratford-on-Avon, Carl Wimperis to Joan Ann Beasley (scholar 1946-49).
 On December 22nd, at Erdington, George Round to Jean Codling (scholar 1947-50).
 On December 26th, at Bidford-on-Avon, John Clifford to Joan Mary Cox (scholar 1945-48).
 On December 28th, at Salisbury, Harry Schorah to Susan Budden (scholar 1945-47).
 On January 19th, at Shottery, John Sutor to Patricia Margaret Elmore (scholar 1946-53).
 On January 19th, at Welford-on-Avon, Ronald Thomas Walton to Jane Gay Dayer-Smith (scholar 1946-51).
 At Ward, Pennsylvania, John Baggot Gulick to Jacqueline St. Clair Forbes (scholar 1948-49).
 On February 2nd, at Bidford-on-Avon, John Reginald Rouse to Maureen Bryan (scholar 1948-53).
 On February 23rd, at Haselor, Kenneth Herbert Hancocks to Sylvia Maude Goulbourne (scholar 1941-48).

DEATH

- On November 24th, John Williams (scholar 1943-45), age 25 years (in a motor-cycle accident).

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS

Marion Taylor has passed the final examination for State Registered nurses.

* * * *

A. Thornton is in the Forces, serving with the Corps of Signals.

* * * *

Sheila Ingram is now a State Certified Midwife, having passed her final examination last September.

* * * *

Ann Chavasse has passed her final examinations in Physiotherapy.

* * * *

M. Ledbury, who is in the Forces, has been stationed for a year in Berlin.

* * * *

E. J. Cassell has gained his First Mate's Certificate.

* * * *

P. Bolt is now serving with the Forces.

* * * *

P. Norden, who is in the R.A.F., has recently gone to Singapore.

* * * *

Mrs. M. Kidson (née Crompton) is now on the Staff of Manchester College of Housecraft, as lecturer in Needlework and Art.

THE ARTIST

An icy wind moaned across the desolate, snow-covered, windswept plain. This plain stretched as far as the eye could see in three directions, its monotony broken only by slight, infrequent elevations in the terrain. To the south, however, it terminated at the foot of a range of tall craggy mountains, whose crests reared up against the dark indigo of the sunless skies.

In the side of one of these mountains was a small cave, protected from the direct numbing influence of the bitter wind. In this cave were a group of creatures, huddled round a small fire, which crackled merrily as it consumed the small twigs which were fed to it periodically. These creatures were wild and savage, and coarse black hair hung down over their shoulders in matted confusion. They had broad, receding foreheads and deep-set eyes which glinted fiercely from beneath thick shaggy eyebrows; their noses were broad and flattened and the jaws were heavy and square. Movements of their lips revealed two rows of strong, yellow teeth, pointed by continuous gnawing of bones.

Their bodies were squat and thick-set and entirely out of proportion to their long ape-like arms. They moved about upon short, stout, muscular legs. These were the primitive prototypes of modern man.

An icy gust, finding its way into the cave, caused the ferocious but pathetic occupants to move nearer to the fire and to draw closer about them the animal skins in which they wrapped themselves.

The group around the fire were intently watching one of their number, who was in the act of making history. He was kneeling down

by the wall of the cave, and on the ground beside him stood a roughly-hewn stone container filled with a dark blue pigment. Into this he dipped a stick and began to draw it across the rock in long bold sweeps. Soon it began to take shape; the long tusks and immense legs of the mammoth appeared. Man was making his first painting.

Having applied the finishing touches, he stood back to view his masterpiece, to the accompaniment of a chorus of growls of approval from his audience. Art was born! Man had, at last, discovered a method whereby he could convey what he saw and appreciated from his mind to the eyes of others.

Man's methods, and the results obtained, have greatly improved since those far-off days, but when one sees one of the remarkable masterpieces such as were produced in such large numbers during the Renaissance Period, one must remember that these would not have been possible had it not been for those first clumsy efforts by primitive man, thousands of years ago.

N. J. PINFIELD (Form VI).

TAKING MY DRIVING TEST

I had been learning to drive for some four months when I decided that I had attained the standard of proficiency required by the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation. I duly applied for a driving test, having digested the Highway Code thoroughly. The reply arrived confirming the date and time of the test, which, unless under extreme adverse conditions, would take place on a given stretch of road in Redditch.

The appointed day dawned with a clear, cloudless sky, and I set off in high spirits. As I drove up to a large stone building set back from the road, a cold feeling ran up and down my spine. The examiner came out of a side door. Before I was shown into a room, I noticed that he wore a black overcoat and looked rather severe. I had to give more particulars, and we left. He then told me the first section of the course I was to follow. I started my engine and drove off. The first part of the test consisted of driving round and round the traffic lights, in a clockwise direction, giving the appropriate signals. I then had to go anti-clockwise round the same course and perform an emergency stop, after which we, that is, the examiner and I, returned to the original starting place. By this time the sun had gone in, and the sky became overcast with grey clouds. We then proceeded to the room previously mentioned. I had more time to examine the surroundings, a dark, grimy, and uninviting room. By this time the examiner was sitting behind a desk. He proceeded to question me on my knowledge of the Highway Code. When I had answered these questions, almost without fault, he said that I had passed the test.

Immediately I was released from this room I ran down the path to remove the learner plates from my vehicle, and with the sun, which was now shining with all its radiance, in my face I proudly made my way home.

P. FEAST (Form VB).

AT MIDNIGHT

The old school lay quiet and deserted in the moonlight. The trees cast long, dark shadows across the playing fields. Inside, the silent classrooms and corridors, which in the day echoed with the sound of scurrying feet and chattering voices as girls and boys made their way to their various lessons, were now desolate.

The school bell was hushed and, in the hall, the piano stood waiting for the morning.

The old church clock struck the hour of midnight when, suddenly, a faint sound was heard; it seemed to come from the pathway outside; not footsteps, but a curious scraping. The door swung open and the sound became louder on the granite steps of the stairs. With a bump, bump on each step went the ghostly visitor, and, as he reached the landing, a stray moonbeam shone out on a queer misshapen lump of stone. "Stoney Bloke" was visiting his old home. MONICA HEMMING (Form IVA).

DIGGING UP THE PAST

From August to November of 1956 my brother and I worked on some excavations at Alcester. We were searching for the defences of the Roman town. Work was started on a trench in an old garden, and after much hard work a drain was found, which the experts said was a very good specimen of a Roman drain. As the trench could not cover all the drain, and any wall which might be situated there, a second trench was opened nearby.

The local organiser of the excavation marked out the lines. We then carefully cut the edge of the trench. It was very hard work, the ground being very heavy. For a few days it was all digging, making sure the sides were straight as we dug down. When we had dug about four feet down a change was found in the soil, and the floor of the trench consisted of more stones than were usually found. We were in the Roman phase. From then on we had to be careful how we worked; we used bricklayers' trowels and scraped the ground cautiously. It was found to be part of a road which had been very well made. Large, round stones were used, like cobbles, with a gravel filling.

While work was being carried out in these two trenches, a third trench was being excavated in Birch Abbey. The structure investigated showed at least three phases. Some pottery was found, some of it being of intrinsic interest, ranging from the late first century to the fourth century. No coins were found, and the miscellaneous finds were few. While we were working there the local organiser was told about some discoveries in the needle factory nearby. Some workmen had been digging and had found a few odd bits of pottery and coins. A gentleman passing by saw them and told them to be careful, as they might have come upon some of the Roman town. A team was sent over from working on the trenches to see what they could find. A well was found, made of stone slabs. Some pottery was obtained from the top of the well, which proved most interesting.

As we were having bad weather, it was decided to close the trenches and well, and begin again the next year.

Now 1957 has come, excavations are going to be continued. Permission has already been obtained to continue work on three sites. A further search for the town's defences will be made. The Roman well is to be cleared and further work will be carried out on the sites already under investigation. My brother and I are looking forward to digging up the past in the future.

ANNE HEYES (Form IVB).

NOTES AND NEWS

The Spring Term opened on Tuesday, January 8th, and closes on Thursday, April 11th.

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Last term the junior and senior country dance parties were held on Friday, 14th and Monday, 17th December, respectively.

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The Dramatic Society party took place on Wednesday, 19th December.

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The Sixth Form party was held in the evening of Friday, 28th December.

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On December 15th the girls' hockey match against the Old Scholars resulted in a victory for the Old Scholars by six goals to nil.

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The football match with the Old Scholars, played on the same day, ended in a win for the School by eight goals to one.

* * * *

At the end of last term the picture for the tidiest form room was awarded to Form IIA.

* * * *

On Wednesday, February 13th, the School held its first ever cross-country match. This was run over the School course, with Moseley G.S. as opponents. The visitors gained a victory in a closely-contested match by 41 points to 37.

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This term Mr. H. Stockley, a student of Birmingham University Education Department, has been at School to gain teaching experience in physics and chemistry.

* * * *

Speech Day took place at the Alcester Cinema on Wednesday, February 20th. In the unavoidable absence (through illness) of Canon E. Moore Darling, the awards were made and the address given by Miss F. M. Forster, headmistress of Solihull High School for Girls. Tea was, as usual, provided for parents and friends in the school dining-room at the end of the proceedings.

* * * *

Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Tidmarsh on the birth of their son in February.

We wish to acknowledge with thanks the gift of Winston Churchill's "History of the English Speaking Peoples," Vol. 1, to the school by John Stewart.

* * * *

Half term was Friday and Monday, February 22nd and 25th.

* * * *

Miss C. H. Brown has, since half term, been visiting school to gain experience in the teaching of art.

* * * *

Terminal examinations were held at the end of March.

* * * *

The annual cross-country races were run on Wednesday, March 6th. The senior event was won by Finnemore, for the third successive time, in a very close finish with Rouse. The junior race was won by Mills ii.

* * * *

On the results of the Oxford G.C.E. held last July, County University awards have been made to Valerie Baseley, Jane Rawbone, and Ann Swinglehurst.

G.P.O.

To the uninitiated, the job of a postman seems one of the most free from danger that could be imagined. I always held this opinion until I served as a temporary postman during the Christmas rush period. I found that the dangers awaiting the unwary postman were so diverse that those who had considered the employment to be "just their 'ommer" would change their mind on the spot if confronted with them.

From time immemorial cartoons have been drawn depicting a semi-trouserless postman being pursued by a large slavering dog. This always seems a figment of the imagination until one serves as a postman. The very sight of an official armband seems to cause the most innocuous pet to change into a vast, over-toothed carnivore, hungry for trousers. The only cure for this tragic and sudden metamorphosis is a judiciously placed boot, which remedy, fortunately for me, always proved effective in time to prevent damage.

Another less obvious danger is the letterbox itself. Some of these, especially in newer houses, are so constructed that carelessly inserted fingers are lost when the Herculean springs come into action to close the box. It was rumoured among the "regulars" that one house had more fingers than letters delivered over a period of a fortnight one Christmas.

In places the numbering of houses can cause confusion to the inexperienced. Two of us discovered this to our cost. Delivering from a van one afternoon, we found a parcel addressed to number 51, Bromsgrove Road. On knocking at No. 51, we were informed that the parcel was not intended for anyone there. We tried No. 51a next door, without success. Perturbed by this snag, we charged about for some minutes like the proverbial flies, until we found a quite unexpected No. 51 on the other side of the road about a hundred yards away. This charging provoked one of the "regulars," who had apparently anticipated something

along those lines, to such immoderate mirth that it was almost necessary to lift him into the van.

Various unorthodox methods were found to deliver parcels to empty houses. These varied from lifting them through open upstairs windows to folding them into neat cylinders and inserting them into milk bottles. The absence of complaints is probably due to the fact that householders anticipated even more fiendish methods of delivery if we were provoked.

Weirdly-addressed letters often cause amusement. One of the classics was addressed to "Fred, Sue and family" and was passed on to Studley by a baffled Redditch staff. Another, without a stamp, was addressed to "Redditch Road, Studley." The year before, we even found one bearing the inexplicable legend "Studley, near Mappleborough Green." Its origin was found to be one of our sixth formers with a most misguided sense of humour (a scientist, of course) who did not seem to realize that temporary postmen might not even have heard of Mappleborough Green.

To conclude, however, I would like to say that the job of the temporary postman is not at all unenviable. All that is needed is a turn of speed to escape from dogs, a sense of balance to stay on the post-office bicycles, and patience to find out to which No. 51, Bromsgrove Road letters are addressed.

D. E. SALE (Form VI).

THE TUNNEL

We slid down the side of the bank, which was fairly steep, and stood at the end of the tunnel. It was dusk, and all we could see was the large black gaping hole, surrounded with a grey-red fringe of bricks, and the track, shining with the last rays of light, disappearing into the gloom.

We shouted into the mouth of the tunnel and heard our voices, which appeared to be deep and sonorous, come echoing back at us. In the half-light of the gloom the tunnel gave the appearance of a huge mouth speaking to us. Unconsciously we moved away from the tunnel; the echoes had scared us a little, not because we were ignorant of their source but because we were surprised by the unusual deepness and eeriness of them.

We waited at the tunnel mouth until in the distance we heard a rumbling sound. Gradually the volume of sound increased and we were able to hear the thrum of the wheels on the track and the hiss of steam. The sound increased to a tremendous roar, and with a mighty clap the train roared into view, hissing steam in all directions. It passed us like a roaring monster, with brief flashes of light and giving brief glimpses of the occupants, bound for unknown destinations.

As it roared round the bend, it uttered what appeared to be a derisive scream on its whistle. Quite suddenly the tunnel was left quiet and still forbidding. Steam continued to drift out of the mouth as it does from a volcano when the eruption has lost its vigour and is dying away.

Slowly we turned and left, climbing up the bank and over the fence back home.

K. V. COX (Form VB).

THE MYSTERIOUS SAUSAGE

Nobody knew how this mysterious sausage had obtained its shape and where the sausage had come from.

This is actually what happened to it. Sausages are made by machines and come out in long strings. One day, however, a scientist came to the works to see how the new machine which he had invented was working. He accidentally brushed against one of the machines and a piece of rare substance, which was used in his laboratory, and which had clung to his clothing, fell in the machine.

The man who was supposed to be watching the sausages come out of the machine was having his tea-break, and did not see this abnormal sausage come out of the sausage ejector. This sausage had grown to enormous proportions and had distinctive human features. After much noise and grinding, the machine ejected the sausage, and then stopped, broken.

The sausage had taken the shape of a balloon and had risen through the window, and was rapidly disappearing into outer space. After many weeks this sausage reached one of the planets in outer space and was made a ruler of the people who lived there. The sausage had not burst because of its superhuman features. Normally anything so far out in space would have burst because of the great pressure, but sometimes extraordinary things happen.

The people of this planet resembled octopi and had many tentacles, which contained suckers, thereby enabling these people to remain on the planet and not float off it. With its superhuman brain the sausage was able to converse with these beings and live with them, doing exactly what they did, but there was always the danger that it might float away again. Therefore it was kept in a large cage, anchored to the ground. It did not like this life and resolved to escape.

One thing that these octopi had overlooked was the fact that this sausage could change its shape. When these peculiar creatures had all gone away, the sausage became long and thin, and escaped through the bars.

Now the atmosphere of this planet contained a mysterious solid and the sausage became coated with it. The very white and now heavy sausage floated into the air, and gradually approached Earth again. A small boy, out shooting rabbits, mistook the sausage for a big, long, thin balloon and shot it down.

All the air went out of the sausage, and all that remains of this mysterious sausage is an empty skin to be found somewhere in England.

M. BAILEY (Form VA).

THE VISITOR

The great quadrangle of one of England's lesser-known public schools was lying bathed in the sunshine of an April morning. Suddenly the stillness was shattered by the none-too-dainty footsteps of Carlton Minor. Knowing that he was risking a detention by being late for registration, he thought that by going through the main hall he might meet Busbie (alias

the headmaster, Henry Busbern, M.A.), who was in the habit of sending any boy he saw on some errand or other. This would naturally provide him with an impregnable excuse.

However, on entering the hall, it was a very different person from the portly headmaster whom he perceived. Staring vacantly round was a mousey-haired, bespectacled gentleman, immensely tall. Carlton Minor judged him to be even taller than Andrew Mactavish, his hero, who, besides being captain of the soccer team, was at six feet three inches the tallest boy in the school. The gentleman wore a suit of grey flannel, covered by a gaberdine mackintosh. In one hand he held a shiny, calf-hide brief-case, while the other clutched a tightly-rolled umbrella. Seeing Carlton Minor, he beckoned to him.

"Good morning, my boy. I wonder if you would be so kind as to inform me of the whereabouts of your esteemed principal."

Carlton Minor scratched his head.

"D'you mean the head, sir?" he asked tentatively.

"Certainly!"

"Shall I take you to his study, sir?"

"Yes, do, please, and on the way I should like to ask you a few questions about this delightful community of which you are fortunate enough to be a member."

Thankful that the head's study was no more than a hundred yards away, Carlton Minor prepared to comply with the wishes of this mysterious gentleman.

During the forty-five minute break which preceded lunch, Carlton Minor noticed his Sixth-Former brother standing alone, waiting for some of his friends to join him. Remembering that he had a message from home to pass on to his brother, he pushed through the groups of gossiping boys. However, completely forgetting his errand, his first words were, "I say, Oliver, I had to take ever such a queer chap to Busbie this morning. Have you seen him? I could hardly understand him; he spoke in such a funny way."

Oliver grinned.

"Perhaps he was a foreigner!"

At that moment Oliver's two special friends, Andrew Mactavish and Brenton Hayes, arrived.

"What's up, Pip?" Andrew enquired of the small Pippin.

"Well, there was a man who spoke in a queer way who wanted to see Busbie, and Oliver said he was a foreigner."

From this incoherent account Andrew was able to gather precisely nothing whatsoever. However, a smile of amusement flitted across Brenton's face before he said:

"I know to whom Pip is referring. The head saddled me with him this morning, and I had to show him round the school."

"Penalty for being head boy," remarked Oliver. "What is this gentleman's name, by the way?"

"Hixton-Digby. I *must* tell you some of the things he said! But shouldn't you be in the common room, Pip?"

Pip grinned, then shot an anxious glance at Brenton's face. He realized he would have to go.

"Don't look so disappointed. Come up to my study this evening, and I'll tell you all about it," said Andrew.

This produced a beam of joy, after which Pip vanished immediately.

"Well," continued Brenton. "Firstly, Mr. Hixton-Digby asked me for a few statistics as we went round the school, how many pupils were there, etcetera, etcetera. Then he said he wanted to interview one or two of the younger ones. He asked Rutland what his name was, and, as you know, Rutland is rather a comic. He replied with perfect composure: 'Gerald Anthony Sternholt Rutland, SIR!' It sounded as if he had knighted himself more than anything else! Then Hixton-Digby asked Rutland if he liked being part of such a cosmopolitan community as was found in this establishment. Naturally Rutland hadn't the vaguest notion what that meant! Seymour whispered something to him, but it wasn't much help, because Rutland said, 'Yes, but I would prefer more games.'

"Still, Hixton-Digby did not seem unduly worried about Rutland's lack of comprehension. He made a few notes in his book, and then asked Ramsden whether he considered that we had enough sustenance here. Ramsden guessed the answer. Luckily he said 'Yes,' and when he saw Hixton-Digby nod, added, 'Definitely!'

"Hixton-Digby then said he wished to converse with some of the representatives of the other nations here present. I managed to find Christiaan and Johannes van Delft. He asked them in what field they best excelled themselves. Johannes gasped with astonishment, and said, 'But, of course, in the fields by the pavilion. We are not allowed in any others.'

"Hixton-Digby seemed very pleased with these interviews, although he did not get very far. Finally, I was able to hand over to the head again. However, even though Hixton-Digby *was* rather eccentric, the head did hint to me something about 'poet' and 'extra half-holiday,' which in this 'cosmopolitan community' would be most welcome!"

GILLIAN CLEWS (Form IV_A).

THE LONG TRAIL

Every year towards the beginning of March all attention is focused on the Inter-House cross-country match.

For about three weeks prior to the day, house captains go round the members of their houses and ask them to enter. This is much harder than it sounds, but with a little "gentle" persuasion the majority agree.

Those members under the age of thirteen must obtain the sanction of their parents if they wish to take part. But they are quite eager to ask for this, for how often does a senior coax them with such words as "Just think, you will have an afternoon off from lessons!" Little do they know that they usually get the afternoon off, anyway, to watch the finish!

Those entrants who are keen do not need persuading, and they stay after school to practice, whereas the others go round the course under protest during games lessons.

It is now the day, and we are all waiting at the start, after having a slightly smaller dinner than usual. At last we are off. At once there is a rush for the lead as we pound up the Birmingham Road and over the railway bridge. For the first seven minutes it is all road-work, and during this time quite a gap develops between the leaders and the rest of the field.

The course now turns on to the cross country proper, through mud and water which comes right over your ankles; then across two very wet grass fields. We now have to ascend a hill by the side of a wood, which is considered by most of us to be the most tiring part of the course, especially when we think of the distance still in front of us.

A few minutes later we reach the junior course, and quite often we meet the last of the juniors on their way in the opposite direction. There is now only about a mile and a half to go, and the speed is stepped up.

At last we reach the railway line, and we can hear the juniors being cheered in. There are now only two hundred yards to go, so any surplus energy which might be left is used up in one final sprint for the finish.

When everybody has finished, the points are added up to find the winning team. The team with the lowest number of points wins the cross-country cup. This is usually presented on Sports Day, or, if someone forgets to clean it, on Speech Day!

M. P. FINNEMORE (Form VI).

OLLA PODRIDA

A brake came in the weather, writes D.H.

* * * *

These, according to J.M., are the most important thinks to remember.

* * * *

P.C. states that he heard a high-pitched wine.

* * * *

The cylinders were broken and also some petrol, says J.B.

* * * *

It is not wise, comments M.M., for those who are nervous to read thrillers like me.

* * * *

The Semites, states R.B., were a race living in the dessert of Arabia.

* * * *

R.L. claims to be going cross-eared.

* * * *

How many pence in 104? asks M.B.L. Is it 8s. 8d.?

* * * *

Epidermics, N.P. assures us, are common in winter.

NANKY POOH

He sits contentedly in front of the fire. The firelight flickers on his beautiful yellow and white coat, his whiskers are stiff and proud. He sings a song, a song that his forebears sang thousands of years before him as they strode along the jungle paths. Every line in his small compact body is relaxed; his head drops as though in sleep.

Suddenly, from another room, a plate rattles. He is gone. One quick, lithe movement suffices to take him to the door.

He sits, waiting on the front door-step. The sun gleams on his fur. He purrs contentedly. A bird sings in the lilac bushes nearby; his yellow eyes narrow, his tail quivers with suppressed emotion. Then in a flash he is off. The bird in the bush cuts his concert short and, deciding that "discretion is the better part of valour," makes, or rather takes, off.

The cat is left gazing after him. A blackbird, safe in his high elm tree, calls out notes of derision. The cat's eyes narrow, but he can do nothing.

He returns to the house to drink his milk. Before, he would cheerfully have given his milk for a bird, but perhaps after all, "a bird in the paw is worth two in the bush."

SHEILA SHEPPARD (Form IIIA).

LOST AND FOUND

Last summer a friend gave us a tortoise, and my small brother was highly excited. He watched it about the garden for several days. Occasionally the tortoise managed to get out, as he wanted a change of diet and we had no dandelions in our garden.

One day Michael, my brother, shouted to mum to tell her that he could not find the tortoise anywhere, and that he must have found a way out of the garden.

Now, we have an orchard behind our house, and mum, thinking she could see a place where he may have got out through the fence, started searching, Michael helping. After searching for at least half an hour, and finding no trace, mum decided to give up the search.

She went back indoors, and soon afterwards she happened to look out of the window, and noticed a large bowl in the garden slowly moving. She immediately realised that the tortoise was underneath.

When Michael was asked, he admitted that he had put the bowl over the tortoise on purpose to tease his mother.

E. SEENEY (Form IIIB).

THE COMMON COLD

The common cold is the most over-used excuse in existence today. Those who depend upon it as an excuse range from fed-up school children who feel like a day's holiday, to over-publicised film stars who have not another new dress (or gold lamé suit) in which to open the garden fête.

A perfect example of the first case is my twelve-year-old cousin, Judith, whose mind is obsessed by the one word "sports." One day she decided that she was far too ill to attend school, being a victim of the

cold germ. She therefore spent the day living in luxury in bed and being waited on hand and foot. Saturday, which was the following day, dawned warm and sunny and Judith announced that she was quite recovered and would play as usual in the school's hockey team. When her mother protested, Judith firmly maintained that the fresh air would finally clear all traces of her cold. She played hockey. When she returned from the match and auntie announced that her daughter was to attend a party at the vicarage Judith suddenly had a relapse—she hates “girlish parties.” Her mother immediately began to worry, so Judith retired to bed to live again a life of luxury and escape the tiresome party. The common cold had once again rescued someone “from the jaws of death.”

This tiresome illness is the cause of much medical research, and it is one of the few instances in which science seems to have completely failed. There is no known cure. Certain “guinea-pigs” are used each year in this sphere of research. They attend special holiday camps where they receive so many injections of the cold germs. When their cold develops they are specially treated to see how different blood groups react to the different cures. Some people, however, after the allotted number of injections have no signs of a common cold whatsoever. They therefore have a free holiday for a fortnight all at the medical researchers' expense. Invariably on the day they return to work from their holidays they begin to sniff—yes, they have “caught a cold!”

To see anyone suffering from a cold is both an amusing and yet a pitiful sight. There are collars turned up, blue noses, blurred eyes, and the most mournful of expressions. To the victim of the cold it is anything but amusing. The head seems to be spinning, the throat is sore, and surely no-one ever spoke quite so loudly before?

Most certainly, the common cold is a mystery, but, as some of the examples above show, it can be regarded as a blessing as well as a handicap. I think, however, most people are now using it as an excuse far too readily, and it is now not quite such an original excuse as it was perhaps ten or fifteen years ago.

What's that? Cycle down to the village for some more vegetables? Oh, but I could not possibly. My head feels queer. It must be a cold coming, I think.

SALLIE POOLTON (Form VA).

AN ENGLISH SUMMER!

Have you ever experienced horizontal rain, or been in a caravan which danced the Rock 'n' Roll? I have, and I did not enjoy it.

It all started the day after we broke up, the first day of our summer holiday. We started off very early in the morning in beautiful sunshine, but that did not last very long. We soon ran into a terrific thunderstorm. We stopped and had a picnic breakfast inside the car, then started again when the storm passed. The sun then shone for a few minutes, and that was the last we saw of it that day. As we were travelling to South Wales we soon were passing through mountainous country, which is really very beautiful, but we saw nothing of it because there was a thick fog everywhere.

At eleven-thirty that morning, we arrived at a tiny village, after being in sight of it for fifteen minutes. We were not able to reach it, because we were held up. In the lane hardly wide enough for our car we met a removal van. At last we arrived at the farm where our caravan was sited, right on top of a three-hundred-foot cliff, which was a good position in fine weather. It had an awning attached to the door side, fixed to a tubular-steel frame, so making another room.

It had begun to drizzle with rain, but it came in torrents soon after we had settled in. We discovered the caravan leaked over the bunks, so we tried to block the leak up. Meanwhile, the rain shrank the awning so that it came away from the frame. We went to bed feeling somewhat nervous of the gale which seemed to be blowing up.

Suddenly in the night I awoke to hear a beating of canvas; the roof of the awning had been ripped off the frame, and was only just holding on to the roof. The wind was terrific; it howled round the caravan, which was in danger of being bowled over with the awning roof flapping. My father went outside to try to stop it, but he came back immediately, as he could not stand up in the gale. All the time water was being forced in through the closed skylight. My father tried again. He came back saying that the rain had been blown almost horizontal.

Next morning the wind was just as strong, and the caravan was rocking very alarmingly. My mother put some water in the egg saucepan on the stove, only to have it thrown back at her with the next gust of wind.

During the morning the wind and rain died down and we were able to reorganise ourselves. We learned that the wind had reached ninety miles an hour. We could not complain, however, for on that same night the sailing ship *Moyana* went down in the Channel and several caravans were blown over. Nevertheless, it was not very pleasant being in a caravan doing the Rock 'n' Roll! JANET BANKS (Form IV_A).

THE STRANGE KNOWLEDGE OF A TEACHER

A noise is heard downstairs, a teacher dashes up
And all the heads around him look like mops for washing up.
Oh, yes, there's been a riot,
We never could be quiet,
But how on earth did *he* find out
That Alec had a clout?

One girl was on the landing, another on the stairs.
But as they heard his footsteps, they fled like wild bears.
They really did their best
To cover up the jest.
But how on earth did *he* find out
That Alec had a clout?

Every soul is silent, and stares out into space,
Of course, we all are innocent. Just peep at every face!
We must admit it's true
We're hot and red of hue.
But how on earth did *he* find out
That Alec had a clout?

We all get into trouble; are told we must improve,
And a very cross form-master sets the pens upon the move.
Of course, it is a shame,
Old Polly got the blame,
But . . . how on earth did *he* find out
That Alec had a clout?

RITA TAYOR (Form V_B).

A CROWD

When in a crowd, you feel as if you are in a world separated from other people who are quietly moving down the same street or along the market-place. You hear people shouting; you see, and feel people jostling, bustling, pushing. You want to move in one direction, but find yourself carried off in the opposite direction. You decide that perhaps it would be better to stand still, until the crush has died away. The person behind you, however, wants to move past you, and the person in front of you wants to get into the former person's position; they change places, and you feel as if you are being turned round. You were! Once again you find yourself facing in the direction that you do not wish to go, turned that way against your will.

A little later, something of interest catches your eye. By some stroke of luck, you manage to get to it. You spend some time looking at it, then you move away. Somebody then wishes to sell you something. Apparently it is a marvellous bargain, reduced in price, especially for you, so you buy it. The seller disappears, and on a closer examination of the object you have bought, you discover that you have been swindled. You put it in your bag for future disposal, noting that you will not be "had" like that again.

Eventually, you struggle out of the crowd and breathe a sigh of relief, only to find you are late for an appointment you had made, and that it has taken you nigh on thirty minutes to cover a hundred yards.

SARA SMITH (Form IIIA).

SPOOKY, THE SKELETON

Spooky, the skeleton, crept on his way.
Where was there a place in which he could play?
He laughed as he ran into the wood,
For this was the place where an old house stood.

"Now for some fun," he said, as he ran.
"My favourite game is to frighten the man."
So, looking round carefully he opened the door,
And spied a black cat upon the stone floor.

"Show me the way," said Spook with a grin,
"To the room up above that the master sleeps in."
"Ha! Ha!" laughed the cat, "just follow me,
"My master sleeps lightly, as soon you will see."

So Spooky climbed up the old creaking stair,
And into the room he tiptoed with care.
He danced and he rattled all round the bed,
And cunningly touched the master's still head.

The master awoke and let out a scream.
"Oh, dear," he cried, "that was a strange dream."
So Spooky had fun for another hour here,
Until he remembered that morning was near.

Then reluctantly leaving, he followed the cat,
Who said, "That was better than chasing a rat."
So Spooky left here and rattled off home,
Thinking of the fun he'd had on his own.

JUDITH TALLIS (Form IIIA).

THE PLUMBER CAUGHT

One day during the winter, the plumber came to mend the water pipes up in the loft after they had burst. He went up into the loft quite unsuspectingly. Meanwhile Mum was busy in the kitchen. Suddenly a peculiar noise issued from the loft, and there were cries of "Help! Oh! Oh!" She wondered what could have happened; then she suddenly remembered she had put some mouse traps up there the day before, because she had heard queer scratching noises. The plumber, she thought, must have touched them accidentally. He made a hurried descent down the ladder, uttering weird noises accompanied by words which I will not repeat. He had a mouse trap on each hand. We just could not help laughing at him, as he looked so comical, but I am afraid he did not see the funny side of it at the time. Afterwards he laughed as much as we had done. I expect he will be very careful next time he comes. Still I do not think we shall need any mouse-traps for quite a while, because his shouts would frighten all the mice away.

PAMELA GOOD (Form IV_B).

WEE DOG AND LARGE POLICEMAN

Is it only humans that dodge our worthy policeman? One day whilst out walking, I saw a small black and white mongrel dog doing his very best to do just this.

He was a merry little fellow with a black patch over one eye, and a tail any squirrel would be proud of. It circled high above his back and rotated in sheer joy and mischief.

He was NOT wearing a collar. This obviously was the cause of the law's displeasure, and it seemed as though the little creature knew he was about to be arrested and have his "particulars taken." He darted into the nearest gateway, and the very large policeman promptly pounced and slammed the gate shut. The little mongrel darted into the next house under the broken hedge and wormed his way from house to house in this manner.

The policeman began to feel triumphant, as he knew the row of houses ended in a high wall, and the end gate was shut tight. The little dog raced on with the law in hot pursuit. The small mongrel arrived first however and, suddenly seeing the wall, turned and easily cleared the gate with a jump fit for the Olympics.

He waited just long enough to look up at the policeman, with a little pink tongue lolling out, and mischief in his eye, before making off with all speed, leaving the policeman looking after him with an amused expression on his face as if to say: "All right old fellow, let the best man win!"

GERALDINE DRAYCOTT (Form III_A).

MY WHITE MICE

I brought them home in a cardboard box, two tiny baby white mice, whose eyes had just opened. I put them in a hay-filled cigar box, in an empty hen-coop, to which was attached a wire run, in which they could run about. I fed them on porridge oats and milk.

For the following fortnight I had only one glimpse of them, then, as I went to feed them one morning I found that they had got free. One was under a broken dish. I caught it and put it in a foster mother which we used for baby chicks.

That afternoon I took the captured mouse for a walk in the garden by holding on to its tail. As we rounded the rose bush the cat from next door pounced on it and killed it.

When my father came home that evening we went to the hen-coop to search for the missing mouse. While we were there we heard a scratching sound, and as we looked we saw the lost mouse caught behind some wire. We freed him and put him in the foster mother.

In the following eleven months he became very tame. I took him out on my bicycle and when I went for a walk I put him in my pocket. In the summer months he became friendly with my tortoise. As I went to feed him one morning I found the lid ajar, and my mouse gone. That was two months ago and I have not seen him since.

PAMELA BROOKES (Form IIA).

MUM'S ALWAYS RIGHT

One afternoon last winter I decided to go and visit my friend who lives on a farm. My mother said that I must put on my old coat, but I informed her that it was impossible to get one's clothes dirty in such a short distance. After some arguing I was allowed to wear my best coat, with a kind promise of no more clothes for six months if I got a spot of mud on it.

When I reached the farmhouse I was told that my friend was feeding the hens, and that meant tramping across four fields. I was terribly scared of the dark, and had half a mind to turn back. However, I plucked up courage. If Jane could do it, so could I, but how wrong I was! By now it was getting dark, but I conquered the first field without mishap. The second field offered no difficulties either, and I began to feel quite pleased with myself. Too pleased in fact.

A few more steps and squelch, I was knee-deep in something that felt like a pond, with cold, wet mud trickling down my wellingtons.

Somehow I managed to get slimy green mud running down my coat sleeves, and B-r-r-r! it was actually dripping down my neck.

About two minutes later I oozed myself out of the pond, and stood and disgustingly surveyed myself on the bank. Mum's always right.

MARGARET LEES (Form IIIB).

SPINDLE'S NEW YEAR'S EVE ADVENTURE

In front of our house there is a pond and stream, and after Christmas the water in them was deeper than usual, owing to the melting snow.

On the morning of New Year's Eve, Spindle, our little grey cat, was missing. Mummy said anxiously: "I wonder where Spindle is? I hope he hasn't fallen in the pond." However, he soon came running home looking very pleased with himself.

That night it was pitch dark and pouring with rain when Daddy

came in to have supper. He opened the back door, and we heard him say: "Hello, who are you? Have you fallen in the pond?" A very wet and bedraggled object crept into the kitchen. It was Spindle, soaking wet and covered with mud.

Mummy got the worst of the mud off him with a towel, then he shook himself and immediately started washing. Spindle washed and shivered all evening, refusing saucers of warm milk, which we offered him. He was allowed to spend the night in the warm kitchen, and next morning, except for a few sneezes, he seemed none the worse for his adventure.

HELEN JACKSON (Form IIA).

THE PLATE THAT DIDN'T LIKE WATER

On the kitchen dresser lived all the crockery and the cutlery. There were Sultana the Queen and Joseph the King.

One day when all the crocks and cutlery were being washed, there was a complaint sent to the king. They said that Sneaky the tea plate had hidden himself. There was a search for him, but he was not found, for he had hidden behind a tea plate.

Whilst his cousins, friends and other relatives were being used in the dining room, Sneaky hid behind a jam pot and fell asleep. When they were brought out, the jam pot stealthily crept aside and the others saw Sneaky.

When he awoke he saw the knife, the water tap, the soap and the washing powder planning something. Sneaky then sneaked to the shelf where the saucepans were kept. Although he thought no one was watching him, there was—it was the knife.

The next morning came and whilst Sneaky was still asleep the soap walked up to the top of the draining board, and slid down until he fell into the bowl. Meanwhile the knife was climbing up on to the shelf where Sneaky was and pushed him down.

This all took place as planned, and poor old Sneaky had his wash. Although he did not want to admit it, he felt so much better for it.

You can see how Sneaky got his name, can't you?

JENNIFER WARD (Form IB).

MY BUDGIES

My two budgies are called Dickie and Sammy. Dickie the hen is turquoise blue with black wings. Her black, beady eyes always seem to watch furtively every movement you make. She got her strange name because when we bought her we thought she was a cock. So when we found she was not we bought Sammy to keep her company. Sammy the cock is sky blue with grey wings and black eyes.

Every week I let them out of their cage to fly around the room. Sometimes Dickie alights on my shoulder to rest her wings or to preen her feathers. Sammy is too nervous and he flies off as soon as I approach. When I catch the budgies I put them in their cage. There they eat their seed and Sammy sits on the perch and looks thankful that I did not hurt him in my clumsy efforts to catch him.

CAROLINE ORAM (Form IA).

SIXTH FORM NOTES

The Sixth Form party was held on Friday, December 28th, in the Gym. Many members of past Sixth Forms were welcomed, and all enjoyed the excellent programme compiled by two committees (which consisted of all the present Sixth Formers). We should like to thank everybody who made this enjoyable occasion possible, and Mr. Davison for letting us use the canteen and the Gym.

The Sixth Form has taken an active interest in all school games, having representatives in the hockey, netball, football and cross-country teams.

Although it is the centre of much abuse and sarcasm, the radio has not yet blown up or gone on strike. If, however, any would-be listener finds that owing to the incessant gossip of inconsiderate females the wireless is rendered inaudible, we suggest that he contacts one of the "deaf" scientists. We hasten to point out that they are presumed to be deaf owing to their use of hearing aids, which have been converted to radios.

Once more February 14th's mail brought an air of mystery and suspicion in Sixth Form life and left many of us "bewitched, bothered and bewildered."

The mysterious force which causes satchels to wander and become tied to the table legs, and exchanges books without their owners' knowledge, has been attributed to two sources. The first is to a poltergeist residing in the form room, and the second (and more likely) to certain artists with warped senses of humour. However, we realise that, as they are artists, allowances have to be made for their actions, which are looked upon with sympathy by their intelligent comrades.

It is generally agreed that artists are necessary in this modern world, but not to the same extent as the scientists, and we note that there are more scientists than artists in the present Sixth Form.

A certain artist who, during his "free" weeks, used to "while" away the time with a certain mouse "loving" person is now presumed to be all "right" again.

In case the readers had not realised it, the writing of these notes has once more been entrusted to the scientists.

A. J. TREADGOLD.

B. R. MERRIS.

PRIZE LIST, 1955-56

At the annual Speech Day, the certificates gained by candidates in the Oxford G.C.E., and recorded in the previous issue of the magazine, were presented. The following presentations were also made:—

Head Boy's Prize—Bates.

Head Girl's Prize—Ann Swinglehurst.

Form Prizes—*Form VI (Upper)*: Beryl Pope, Ann Swinglehurst; *Form VI (Lower)*: Finnemore, Ann Freeman, Merris, Sale; *Form VA*: Janet Bullock, Rouse, Jill Burford; *Form IVA*: Bailey, Jennifer Weaver,

Sally Poolton, Sheila Woodhouse; *Form IV_B*: Norma Hemming, Janet Dugmore, Bennett i; *Form III_A*: Eileen Such, Anne Ashton, Enid Jenkins, Ann Lloyd; *Form III_B*: Beale, Hopkins, Pamela Good; *Form II_A*: Elizabeth Coveney, Canning, Jean Pirie; *Form II_B*: Bennett ii, Susan Wellesley-Morris, Edwards i; *Form I_A*: Irene Goward, Julia Bailey, Hilary Clarke; *Form I_B*: Diana Smith, Mary Jordan, Josephine Moore.

Progress Prizes—Janet Chatwin, Janet Heighway, Virginia Bell, Judith Tallis.

Spencer Cup (for the best result in G.C.E.)—Beryl Pope.

Mason Cup (for the best pupil in Middle School)—Eileen Such.

Scout Cup—Tiger Patrol (Patrol Leader, Banfield).

Cross Country Cup—Tomtits (Captain, Treadgold).

BARNARDO HELPERS' LEAGUE

The school branch has had a record year in every way, and a total of £80 7s. 3d. was forwarded to headquarters. The boxes yielded £65 2s. 2d., the Christmas Tree collections amounted to £14 0s. 1d., and we were glad to welcome twenty-five new members. This is very gratifying indeed, and I wish to thank all who have contributed in any way towards this grand sum.

During November we were pleased to welcome Miss Phillips once again to open the boxes and give a film show to members of the First Forms. I am glad to report a membership of 125, which includes many Old Scholars, whose contributions I am always pleased to receive. My thanks are due to all who have helped me in the collection and distribution of boxes and magazines.

This year many demands have been made on the generosity of the members of the School, and it is good to see that the response has been excellent in all directions and that our branch of the League has prospered.

H.M.H.

CHESS CLUB

Secretary: Bailey.

Treasurer: White.

After some rather surprising results, Beale beat Cooper in the knock-out competition, the favourites having been "knocked out" in the early rounds.

The League has not been completed yet, however, some members having many more games to play than others. This is partially due to the greater concentration on Ladder games lately. In the League, Thornton, Chambers and Day hold the top positions with the most points. In the Ladder, Bailey and Sheppard occupy the first two positions.

The game seems to be very popular throughout the School, and every dinner hour members and non-members alike do battle in the form-room set apart for their use.

M. BAILEY.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY*President*: R. C. Lewis.*Social Secretary*: Mary Thomas.*Treasurer*: D. Sale.*Secretary*: Mary James.

The Dramatic Society has continued this term with its usual Friday afternoon activities.

We have been unable to produce a play this year, but during the first few weeks of the term our members have been reading "Queen Elizabeth Slept Here," by Talbot Rothwell. These readings provided much amusement and we found that many of our members showed much talent in this direction.

The rota system was re-introduced after the play-readings, and a story-telling competition, which involved twelve members of the group, provided interesting entertainment, resulting in Sale being the winner.

Some of our younger members seem keen to introduce new activities. Russell has suggested that we hold formal debates, and a general knowledge quiz organised by him completely flabbergasted most of us, but successfully aroused the complacent.

We must not conclude this report without recording our sincere gratitude to Mr. Ward, who has been instrumental in providing us with several sets of plays in answer to the appeal we made in the December issue of this magazine. From present members and on behalf of future members, may we say many thanks indeed.

MARY JAMES.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Our programme has been a very varied one this term. We have had two lectures, one on "Aids to Better Prints" and the other on "Fine Grain Developing." We also spent one afternoon on colourform toning. Running repairs have also been done on the enlarger. Our future plans include the making of lantern slides.

M. J. ROUSE.

COUNTRY DANCE SOCIETY*Secretary*: J. Holt.*Treasurer*: C. Down.*Committee*:

J. Barnsdale, C. Burton, E. Gregory, H. Hemming, P. Hygate.

Towards the end of the last term the junior and the senior country dance parties were held as usual, and were a great success. We would like to thank Mrs. Rutter for organising the refreshments so well. For the first time we were able to record a profit, though a small one, of 1s. 4d.

The weekly programmes of dances have given great pleasure to the Society, and new records have been brought during the past term.

J. HOLT.

THE SCOUT TROOP

The Troop's activities have been somewhat restricted this term owing to the weather conditions. Steady progress, however, has been maintained in Tenderfoot and Second Class tests. Some of our members are studying for an Air Spotter's badge under the guidance of Mr. Tidmarsh.

The Scout Cup, which is awarded to the most efficient patrol, was presented to Bamfield (P.L., Tiger Patrol) on Speech Day.

B.R.M.

FOOTBALL

Captains—1st XI : Pinfield ; Under-15 XI : Mills ii.

This term, the combination of the economy drive and cancellations have restricted both XI's to two games each so far.

The 1st XI completed the double over Redditch, but failed to win at Worcester, losing by the odd goal.

The Under-15 XI has won both games in very convincing style, against Worcester and Lodge Farm.

Both sides have some hard games yet to play. The 1st XI hope to repeat last term's crushing defeat upon the Old Scholars, while the Under-15 XI has several heavy defeats to avenge.

On behalf of those completing their last season of football for the School, I should like to extend to future sides wishes for the very best of luck.

RESULTS

- A.G.S. 1st XI v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), won, 3—2.
 " v. Worcester T.H.S. (away), lost, 3—4.
 A.G.S. Under-15 XI v. Worcester T.H.S. (away), won, 4—0.
 " v. Lodge Farm S.M.S. (away), won, 5—2.
 " v. Bidford S.M.S. (away), drawn, 2—2.

R. LEWIS (*Hon. Secretary.*)

HOCKEY

Captain : M. Norden.

Secretary : J. Bullock.

This term the teams have not been as successful as we hoped, but the 1st XI have been beaten by small margins only. The 1st XI have played fairly well during the season. The defence has worked hard, but the forwards need to be more determined when attacking their opponents' goal.

We have had only two cancellations this term on account of bad weather, but some dinner-hour practices have had to be cancelled owing to a water-logged pitch. Practices have been held during Tuesday, Thursday and Friday dinner hours.

We would like to thank our Games Secretary for her work during the season, and also those who have helped with refreshments for our home matches.

The 1st XI has been M. Scott, J. Dugmore, S. Dyson, C. Baylis, M. Norden, J. Bullock, J. Burford, C. Down, E. Gregory, J. Holt, B. Jones.

The 2nd XI has consisted of J. Moore, R. Patterson, A. Ashton, R. Wright, G. Draycott, M. Millward, M. Wilkes, E. Coveney, M. Hemming, R. Bluck, E. Ison, J. Pirie, K. Hartwell.

RESULTS

- A.G.S. 1st XI v. Solihull H.S. (home), lost, 1—4.
 „ v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home), won, 2—1.
 „ v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), lost, 0—4.
 A.G.S. 2nd XI v. Solihull H.S. (home), lost, 0—10.
 „ v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home), lost, 2—4.

M.N.

NETBALL

Captain: J. Burford.

Secretary: J. Bullock.

This term we have had three matches. The first, against Studley College, resulted in a victory for us, but we were less successful in our two matches against Worcester, and we lost by considerable margins. It has not been possible to have practices after school, and several of our dinner-hour games have had to be cancelled owing to bad weather.

We should like to thank both the Games Secretary and girls who have helped with refreshments during the season, without whose help the matches would not be possible.

The teams have consisted of—1st VII: J. Dugmore, C. Down, E. Gregory, S. Dyson, M. Scott, J. Burford, E. Stewart and S. Tilsley; 2nd VII: J. Bullock, B. Jones, J. Pirie, M. Wilkes, C. Baylis, W. Wright and M. Millward.

RESULTS

- A.G.S. 1st VII v. Studley College (home), won, 11—6.
 „ v. Worcester G.S. (home), lost, 9—21.
 „ v. Worcester G.S. (away), lost, 3—21.
 A.G.S. 2nd VII v. Worcester G.S. (home), lost, 7—24.
 „ v. Worcester G.S. (away), lost, 4—23.

J.B.

SUPPLEMENTARY RESULTS

The following results were too late for inclusion last Term:—

FOOTBALL

- A.G.S. 1st XI v. Birmingham Univ. Geog. Section (home), lost, 2—3.
 „ v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away), lost, 1—4.
 „ v. King's Norton G.S. (away), drawn, 3—3.
 „ v. Old Scholars (home), won, 8—1.
 A.G.S. Under-15 XI v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (home), lost, 1—11.
 „ v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away), lost, 0—10.
 „ v. Lodge Farm S.M.S. (home), won, 4—3.
 „ v. King's Norton G.S. (away), lost, 0—5.
 „ v. Studley S.M.S. (home), lost, 3—4.

HOCKEY

- A.G.S. 1st XI v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), won, 4—1.
 „ v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away), won, 1—0.
 „ v. Ragley Ladies (away), lost, 0—1.
 „ v. Old Scholars (home), lost, 0—6.
 A.G.S. 2nd XI v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), lost, 1—9.
 „ v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away), lost, 1—5.

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